Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, September 26, 1918 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE POET.

His home is in the heights; to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim,
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And Song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks today
Will sometime be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

—*Edwin Markham.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1918 NUMBER 3

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy.

—Walt Whitman.

Mary McArthur, Secretary of the National Federation of Women Workers, is a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of Great Britain. Why not? If not now, some day, not far distant, a woman will be found seated in the Parliament of Great Britain, as already there is now one installed in the Congress of the United States. It is up to England, as it is up to the United States, to practice the democracy it boasts of. It is a case of "proving up" or "shutting up."

J. LL. J.

A public lecturer, who has been a welcome speaker on Chautauqua platforms, writes: "My refusal to preach compulsory, universal military service after this war has excluded me from all Chautauqua tents." This is sad if it is true, for the Chautauqua as conceived by Bishop Vincent and glorified by Edward Everett Hale and their brave associates, was large enough to discuss high questions from many sides, and to furnish to the American people an untrammeled pulpit where religion and patriotism, philosophy and morals, the home, school and state could meet and shake hands in the interest of the common hopes and common duties. J. LL. J.

Our friend, Rev. W. D. Simonds of the Oakland, California, Unitarian Church, announces his return from his summer vacation with this headline:

THE MINISTER IS BACK ON THE JOB. ARE YOU?

The remainder of the circular shows that while off duty he, like every other good minister, was more on the quest than when at home. Vacation to the pastor means preparation for another season's work. How many occupants of the pews have as high an appreciation of their vacation? Is it idleness of mind and heart that interprets church privileges in terms of obligation and burden, or is it activity of mind, openness of heart and refreshment of soul that make one ready for more work, ripe for usefulness, prepared for spiritual exercise and appreciation? J. LL. J.

UNITY's readers will be glad to learn that though defeated in the Republican senatorial primary, Congressman Jeannette Rankin has been nominated by the new National Party, and will run either as the nominee of that party or on an Independent ticket. Miss Rankin's splendid career in the House of Representatives has vindicated the right of women to hold such an office and proved her capacity for such work. Montana women are full citizens and their votes, added to those of the forward-looking men of the State, should make certain Miss Rankin's promotion to the Senate Chamber. Q.

UNITY congratulates the suffragists and indeeed the nation at large upon having at last secured the promise of President Wilson to urge the passage of the Federal Suffrage Amendment at this session of Congress. This would seem to be the one thing needful to the passage of the amendment for which a long line of heroic women, from Susan B. Anthony down to the present suffrage groups has struggled valiantly. We doubt if any measure which the President has "urged" has failed to pass, and we hope the reactionary congressmen may now see that it is only themselves and their own chances for re-election that can be injured by opposing this plan to give all citizens of the nation full political democracy at this time. Q.

Ralph E. Conner, writing in *The Christian Register*, tells an interesting story of President Harper of Chicago University which will bear repeating here:

When President Harper was "putting out to sea," a letter was brought to him from a well-meaning evangelical clergyman. This message asked the dying man to immortalize his last hours by retracting and renouncing his so-called heresies. With a smile upon his noble countenance, the great teacher replied: "Please tell the good brother that we both ought to be thankful that while we may differ in our religious opinions, at the same time we can be loyal to our Lord and Master."

Mr. Conner comments on this incident by quoting these lines from Tom Moore:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have trusted and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

This is indeed the fellowship "unrimmed by creeds" in whose ritual UNITY's senior editor was prophet and high priest. Q.

Those who felt a hopeless chill of discouragement when, by a five to four decision of the United States Supreme Court, lifelong efforts of many earnest workers for child welfare were rendered fruitless, and the Federal Child Labor Law declared void, will again take heart at the news of the introduction into Congress of the Keating bill, which re-enacts the provisions of the former law but tries to avoid any ground for unconstitutionality. *The New Republic* states that "from all over the country reports are coming in of the increased employment of children in factories and workshops." It says that "Employers, looking to their own profits and unwilling to make the effort necessary to keep output up by better management of diminishing supply of adult labor, are seizing upon the pretext of the nation's need to extend the enslavement of children." This is a condition which should not be tolerated by any who profess to care for the nation's welfare, for it is the children who make the citizens of the next generation, and an overworked, underfed, underclothed, uneducated childhood can not produce a healthy, fair-minded citizenship of value to the national life. Q.

UNITY'S readers, whether for or against universal military service after the war, will wish to be informed as to the origin of the movement in this country. The following account and comment thereon are from *The Public* of August 31, based on a feature story in the Sunday *New York Times*:

We are indebted to Mr. Howard H. Gross, a salaried propagandist for universal military service as a permanent institution, for a frank account of the genesis of this movement and the motive back of it. He tells of meeting the late James J. Hill shortly before his death. (Mr. Gross had been employed by Mr. Hill and other great monopolists to conduct an agitation for a tariff commission, which was thought to be the best means of saving the protective tariff.) "I asked Jim Hill how long he thought democracy would last," said Mr. Gross. "He said that unless steps were taken a crisis would be reached in twenty years. 'Our citizenship is becoming stratified,' he said. 'Lines of cleavage are forming, and unless we counteract them we will have another French Revolution on our hands.' And when I asked him what would do most toward integrating this nation into a genuine democracy, he replied that universal military training would prove the salvation of the country. This campaign began at that moment, so far as I am concerned." Mr. Gross' use of the word "democracy" here is delightful. To him and Jim Hill and their kind it means the maintenance of the established law and order, which means unearned incomes and enormous power for the few, economic serfdom and poverty for the many. Its maintenance depends, as they realize, upon the possibility of breeding a servile race, trained from childhood to discipline and authority and reverence for things as they are, including institutions that are destroying the freedom and happiness of the race. Mr. Gross goes on to tell how 4,000 leading business institutions, such as banks, insurance companies and manufacturers, are co-operating in the propaganda for militarism after the war. Wherever possible the women's clubs are being reached. Naturally, the campaign was indorsed by the Women's Committee of the Illinois State Council of Defense, which is a reactionary organization. Thirty-two railroad systems co-operated. Employers placed circulars in pay envelopes. Petitions were scattered broadcast. Two of the directors of Mr. Gross' Universal Military Training League are also directors of the National Security League. Multimillionaires are generously financing the propaganda.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

To every lover of good works and great causes, the death of Jenkin Lloyd Jones brings a poignant sense of desolation. His outward monuments are the great Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, the summer school and settlement at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, the religious weekly, UNITY; but the record of every civic and social reform, and of every battle for righteousness and human betterment, during the last forty years, is in part the record of his career. Total abstinence and prohibition, civil service reform, the education and full emancipation of the negro, the enfranchisement of women, the rights of labor, international peace, freedom and fellowship in religion—all these, and many other noble causes, found utterance in his prophetic voice and support at his untiring hands. In referring to the fortieth anniversary of his paper, UNITY, on March 7th last, he said to me, "I have run over in my mind the beneficent and constructive social changes which have been accomplished in the last four decades, and I find that UNITY has sustained them all."

In thinking of Mr. Jones, however, one recalls not so much these general public services, as certain distinctive achievements, which were peculiarly his own. In Chicago and at Tower Hill, he maintained centers of personal culture, which were nobly enriched by his love of the best in literature and art, and his rare gifts of interpretation. For years he was a lecturer of unexampled popularity before audiences of eager youth in schools, academies, colleges, and great public assemblies. It was his originality of mind, and intense patriotic interest, which made him the first to suggest the purchase and preservation by the nation of the Abraham Lincoln birthplace in Kentucky. No man was more largely responsible for the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, than he; and no man did more in ways of practical labor for the success of this epoch-making assembly. A gallant soldier for three years in the Civil War, he became in his later years a foremost champion of the great movement for peace among the nations.

In personal character, Mr. Jones was the soul of geniality and goodwill. Democratic to the core, he was a lover of all sorts and conditions of men, and an unfaltering believer in the human nature that is in us all. His "guest room" in Abraham Lincoln Centre, open to every pilgrim of the spirit, was a fitting symbol of his open mind and hospitable heart. Especially did he love the young and ardent—those whose ideals were still fresh and faith unreckoning. He cherished each one of them as his own children, arming them with resolution, and helping them to courage. Barriers of nation, of class, of caste, of convention, of denomination, he abhorred and resolutely endeavored to tear down. It is as impossible to conceive of preju-

dice and hatred present in his soul, as darkness present in the sun. Religion was to him a way of life, and that way, love. He detested what he called the "excess baggage" of the churches; and in this sense accepted as a genuine tribute the remark of a Catholic priest, made in answer to the inquiry of an anxious mother as to whether she could let her boy attend the classes at Abraham Lincoln Centre—"Let him go! Jenkin Lloyd Jones hasn't got religion enough to hurt anybody."

The last years brought sadness and disappointment. Uncompromising fidelity to his Christian pacifism cost him friends, closed against him familiar platforms and pulpits and involved his journal UNITY in difficulties. Of the injustice and inutility of current indiscriminating intolerance of minority opinion I have long been convinced; but never so surely as now when I mourn the unsullied purity and perfect love which were the life of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

In a letter to the Post Office Department, written shortly before his death, Mr. Jones set down, as with prophetic insight, these words:

"Of course I shall not be allowed to be a public nuisance to public functionaries very much longer by the Supreme Authority, who fixes the limits to the vigilance of his picket guards. My going hence will be a relief to some, but I hope I shall be missed by many little children and the teachers and parents who have found through me and through UNITY some gleams of a mightier gospel than that which hatred and war can reveal; some joy in the thought of a brother bond that overreaches the trenches; and in a humanity that finds the bounds of a gospel 'above the battle'—a gospel unrimmed by creed or party, by nation or race.

"In that faith I must continue till the discharge comes."

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

New York, September 16.

THE DREAMERS.

The gypsies passed her little gate—
She stopped her wheel to see,—
A brown-faced pair who walked the road,
Free as the wind is free;
And suddenly her tidy room
A prison seemed to be.

Her shining plates against the walls,
Her sunlit, sanded floor,
The brass-bound wedding chest that held
Her linen's snowy store,
The very wheel whose humming died,—
Seemed only chains she bore.

She watched the foot-free gypsies pass;
She never knew or guessed
The wistful dreams that drew them close—
The longing in each breast
Some day to know a home like hers,
Wherein their hearts might rest.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Christian Unity

The readers of this paper know well the interest of its Senior Editor in all efforts to promote unity among the churches and to eliminate denominational barriers. Upon his editorial table was found the last issue of *The Christian Unity Quarterly,* edited by his friend, Rev. Peter Ainslee of Baltimore. In it was an article entitled, "What People Are Saying About Unity." From this article we quote the passages which were marked by the pencil of the Senior Editor:

Doctor Joseph A. Vance of Detroit exclaimed, "We have fooled with organic union for two generations. There should be a movement now to unite not only Presbyterians, but all evangelical bodies. There is a great wave of hunger for unity at this time and if the way continues to be blocked by ecclesiastical leaders the masses will arise and decide for themselves." "The Kingdom requires haste," urged Dr. W. O. Thompson of Columbus. "We should not wait, but act. Throw your technicalities into Germany. The hearts of Christian people are together now. If the churches do not recognize that fact, it is the churches' mistake. If we continue to stand on technicalities and courtesies, we shall all be in hell before we get together."

. . . . . .

"They (the Disciples Church) would be untrue both to their origin and tradition if they were not enthusiastically in sympathy with this invitation. The sincerity of their passion for unity will evince itself in being foremost in action for the unity of the divided church. The Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity has already taken action, assuring the Presbyterians that they can be counted on to be servants in any capacity that will hasten the day for a united church."

Rev. Irving Maurer, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Columbus, writing in *The Congregationalist,* Boston, said:

"The scope of the united movement thus proposed and initiated includes not merely the various divisions of the Presbyterian and Reformed Churches, ten in number, but other evangelical churches, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Protestant Episcopal, Church of Christ, Lutheran, Congregational and others. The earnest spirit in which this action was taken aroused immediate attention. It brought our own Dr. Gladden from his study, despite his feeble health, to attend the Assembly on Wednesday and to send to the platform a personal letter of congratulation. Said he in part:

'Permit me to express my profound sympathy and deep gratitude in your action with reference to church union. I am glad that I have lived to see this day. Nothing more cheering has been done in my time. God grant that your great church may see the full meaning of it and may mean it all, and that it may have the courage and strength to make it good.'

. . . . . .

"As evidence of the deepening earnestness with which the possibilities of this organic church union are regarded, may be cited the case of a leading Episcopal clergyman of Columbus who applied to the Assembly committee for preachers in his pulpit. Said he: "We can let the matter of Apostolic succession rest for a time. What we need is to get together.'"

Commenting upon the Presbyterian action, *The Churchman,* New York, said:

"It is significant that the Presbyterian Church waited for the Episcopal Church to take the lead in the effort towards unity. The action of the House of Bishops in their

recent session, however, convinced our Protestant fellow Christians that it was useless to wait longer for our leadership. Valuable as such leadership would have been and indispensable as is its coöperation if there is ultimately to be a reunited Christendom, the Presbyterian Assembly felt that the Psychological hour had come for a venture of faith. The Episcopal Church failing them, the Presbyterians took up the challenge of the hour.

"It is also interesting to note into what hands this whole problem has fallen. The moderator elected in Columbus is the Rev. J. Frank Smith of Dallas, Texas, a graduate of Union Seminary, a man alert to the opportunities of the new day. The conservative and timid elements in the Assembly worked sympathetically with the younger and eager liberals. One and all felt that the hour had struck in which God would show men of faith the way. They proposed to trust unreservedly the Holy Spirit.

"Great things are bound to come from such courageous adventure. The Presbyterian Church has done well not to postpone effort towards reunion until such time as our own church shall feel inspired to act. *The more discerning Presbyterians, however, freely acknowledge that a united evangelical church which does not include the Episcopalians will not only miss the leadership which our church is so well fitted to supply in any movement towards unity, but that our exclusion from the conferences will make the problem of unity more precarious and difficult later. But they could not well wait longer for the fellowship which we have shown such reluctance to offer.

"The Presbyterian Church is trusting these matters to the younger men."

Judging both from Episcopal and non-Episcopal expressions, the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church lost an opportunity in its reply to the memorial relative to a joint ordination of army chaplains, signed by Dr. Newman Smyth and Prof. Williston Walker, representing the Cngregational Church. The *Southern Churchman,* Richmond, says that it "did not adequately reflect the mind of a majority of the Bishops, as we are sure it did not represent the sentiment of the church at large." An Eastern bishop, supporting the position of the *Southern Churchman,* said:

"I cannot understand how we made such an ungracious reply. I voted against it myself because I did not like its tone; but it slipped through without much consideration. Truth was our attention was concentrated that day on another case. I feel sorry for the way the matter was left. If we cannot do better than that we ought to stop talking about Christian unity. I do not believe it really expressed the feeling of the House of Bishops."

On June 2, 1918, Rev. H. C. Armstrong, graduate of Cotner University and Yale University, was inducted into the office of Secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Christian unity and at the same time installed as one of the ministers of the Christian Temple, Baltimore. The services were held in the Christian Temple on Sunday morning, attended by representatives, officially appointed, from the various communions of the city, as well as organizations from the Temple. A letter from Cardinal Gibbons was read. Ninety persons formed the procession. Mr. Armstrong will give much time to public addresses in the cause of Christian unity. His office is at Seminary House, Baltimore, Md.

The Christian Science Monitor, Boston, is an instance of how one religious body alone sustains with credit to itself a daily paper. In the *New York American* and other papers the Roman Catholics are agitating the question of a Roman Catholic daily. *Why cannot Protestants loosen their hold on their weekly journals, which in most cases are doing so much to perpetuate divisions, and unite in establishing a Christian daily paper, if not to include all Christendom, certainly the Protestant faction of it? These times call for just such a paper and it will not be surprising if it is launched before the war closes or perhaps *in the long and weary days of reconstruction.

Bishop Charles H. Brent's Easter letter in the *Southern Churchman,* Richmond, Va., is a straightforward call for Christian unity; at the same time it reveals the pathos and folly of a divided Christendom. He said:

"Just as now is the time to strike for the unity of nations so is it the time to strike for the unity of the churches. I wonder how many people at home realize that our chief difficulty in connection with the morals of the army is due to the divided church. You meet it at every turn. Many feel it so keenly that they can see no enduring or substantial good coming out of our purely physical or human effort without some movement *pari passu* earnestly aiming for a Kingdom of God among men not divided against itself."

*The starred passages were heavily underscored.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

I.

I have no creed,
The Universe wheels on,
I am but as an atom 'mid the worlds;
And yet I feel the Spirit of God within me,
And I am satisfied.

II.

I have no creed.
Creeds are but words.
Love is reality.
Love fills the heart
With charity, with peace,
With faith, with hope, with heaven—
This I feel within, and it shall guide me.
Love to the Father,
Love to the Christ,
Love to our fellows—
He, who is ruled by love—
By spirit love, not lust,
By love divine—
He who is ruled by love
Will not go wrong.

III.

I have no creed.
Good is the only rule.
For what else live we?
Fame?
It turns to ashes in the grasp.
Riches?
They are wrung from the heart's blood of our fellows.
Knowledge?
It is but a babble of words.
But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—
These are the verities;
These are eternal.

IV.

I have no creed;
And yet I fear not death.
Death is a shadow.
Wrong—Hate—Error—
All are but shadows.
But I am eternal.
Why should I fear the things that only seem?
I seek for the eternals:
And I will make my heart
A precious storehouse for them,
So that they may abide with me forever.

V.

I have no creed;
But I have in me that surpassing words;
A faith in God as boundless as the sea;

A love that takes in all the human race.
I see good in all creeds,
Good in all religions,
Good in all men,
Good in all living things.
The only sin to me is selfishness;
The only happiness the good we do.
O, let us drop these empty sounds and forms,
The letter that divides in warring sects;
And let us fill our hearts with love to men.
O, build a church as wide as human needs;
Imbue it with the spirit, not the husk;
And henceforth leave the race unfettered, free,
To follow out its impulses divine.
For God is in us and will lead us on,
If we but leave our hates and follow Him.

VI.

I have no creed;
Or, if a creed, but this:
I love humanity.
My life and all I am I freely give
To better make the world, to help mankind.
My only creed is love—I know no more—
The Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

J. A. Edgerton.

Dr. Rauschenbusch on the Testimony of Friends

[The late Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch was a member of one of the commissions to prepare for the Peace Conference of all Friends, to be held after the war. In February last, at the request of Jesse H. Holmes, he sent the following suggestions for consideration in the work of re-stating the Peace Testimony of the Society of Friends, and it was published in the *Intelligencer* at that time.]

The religious life of the Friends is so distinctive that unusual reactions on social life can justly be expected and demanded. The religious life of all the older Christian bodies is dominated by external authority of some kind either of the Bible, of credal documents, of historic tradition, or of the organized church. However this authority is applied, it almost invariably works in the direction of conservatism, by tying the living individual up to the dead past. It also checks and inhibits the free initiative of inspired individuals by imposing the average will of the deader mass upon them.

The Friends, on the other hand, by locating the highest authority in the Inner Light, have made the impelling power in religion superior to the forces of stability. They have to that extent emancipated the inspired religious personalities from the control of the past, and from the control of the inert masses. We should therefore expect far greater spiritual impact and mobility from them. A "harmless" Quaker, and still more a harmless Quaker denomination, is an aggravated case of salt that has lost its flavor. If there is neither vision to create unrest, nor spiritual power to communicate unrest to others, the Inner Light must be moonlight.

The Friends ought above all to furnish individuals who have a vision and a testimony, together with modern common sense; fearless individuals, who will have their community behind them. Such religious personalities are a great dynamic in society.

I think the Friends in their beginnings, by inspired intuition, bore powerful testimony in four directions at least:

1. Against luxury and for simplicity.
2. Against aristocracy and for democratic fraternity.
3. Against war and all bloodshed and for peace.
4. Against unclean incomes and for honesty.

Their testimony has never ceased and has never been valueless, but I think it will not be denied that after a while they began to "mark time," and lost their hammering power.

As to simplicity, they have discarded their peculiar dress, which was a dramatic affirmation of the beauty of simple dress. They owe it to their traditions to commute that protest into some other form of modern character. Our age is as much in need of a religious call to simplicity as any age ever has been. It must not be put on an ascetic basis, but on a social basis. I suggest that it would be a worthy aim to introduce in small communities, one by one, the practice of a uniform model or dress for boys and girls in schools; say a simple sailor suit. The uniformity would cheapen the clothing of the children, especially for parents of large families, and make for democracy. If women would also wear a simple working dress during the forenoon and afternoon, and blossom out in sex foliage in the evening, it would simplify their lives and the family exchequers.

The Quaker speech and the refusal to doff the hat were refusals to recognize aristocratic claims to deference. The former has become a sweet archaic flavor, and the latter has disapeared. Both should be commuted into a modern equivalent. Support of present-day social movements is perhaps the surest way.

About war I need say nothing. The Friends have made good at that point during this war. They have shone like stars mid storm clouds.

The gravest historic failure of the Friends, perhaps, has been that they have failed to keep pace with the increasing insight of our day into the extent and terribleness of dishonest gain. The most common, the most destructive, and the most unrecognized sin is the taking of gain by means of some economic coercion, without giving full exchange in service. Only a modernized conscience will even understand what I mean. Extortion has become a nation-wide sin and the basis of our distribution of wealth. The Quaker conscience must be brought up to date, so that proper testimony can be made.

Have the Friends in their past history ever felt the power of the Kindom ideal? That is the true supplement of the religious individualism of the Friends. If they send the inspired individual out to labor for the Kingdom of God, and against the Kingdom of organized and socialized and institutionalized injustice and coercion, they will give religion its proper outlet. Without that outlet it will either explode the soul in spiritual catastrophes, or turn on its own pivot in simple mysticism, or grow cold and die. A religious vision of the Kingdom of God as the reign of righteousness and love, and a scientific social definition of what the Kingdom would mean under modern conditions, that is what the Friends need to complete the electric circuit of religion, and to rejuvenate themselves.

The Friends' Intelligencer.

Joyce Kilmer

UNITY has been frequently wont to quote from the vivid lines of this promising young American poet, and it is with a distinct sense of loss that we hear of his having "fallen on the western front." Such news, remarks the *New York Sun,* "brings us up sharply again to a realization of the price the peoples of the earth are paying." The freshness and vigor of what he wrote showed that indeed "The Gael's warm blood ran in his veins, the Gael's vivid imagination thrilled him."

Christopher Morley, in the *Philadelphia Ledger,* gives this interesting account of him.

"He found life intensely amusing, unspeakably interesting; his energy was unlimited, his courage stout. He attacked life at all points, rapidly gathered its complexities about him, and the more intricate it became the more zestful he found it. Nothing bewildered him, nothing terrified. By the time he was thirty he had attained an almost unique position in literary circles. He lectured on poetry, he interviewed famous men of letters, he was poet, editor, essayist, critic, anthologist. He was endlessly active, full of delightful mirth and a thousand schemes for outwitting the devil of necessity that haunts all brain-workers. Nothing could quench him.

"He could turn out 'copy' in any emergency. When he was run down by a train in New Jersey, he continued dictating from his bed in the hospital, and his weekly article for the *New York Times* reached the printer on schedule.

"But beneath this whirling activity which amused and amazed his friends there lay a deeper and quieter vein which was rich in its own passion. It is not becoming to prate of what lies in other men's souls; we all have our secrecies and sanctuaries, rarely acknowledged even to ourselves. But no one can read Joyce Kilmer's poems without grasping his vigorous idealism, his keen sense of beauty, his devout and simple religion, his clutch on the preciousness of common things. He loves the precarious bustle on Grub Street; he was of that adventurous, buoyant stuff that rejects humdrum security and a pelfed and padded life. He always insisted that America is the very shrine and fountain of poetry, and this country (which is indeed pathetically eager to take poets to its bosom) stirred his vivid imagination. The romance of the commuter's train and the suburban street, of the delicatessen shop, and the circus, and the snowman in the yard—these were the familiar themes where he was rich and felicitous.

"To a man such as this, whose whole fervent and busy adventure was lit within by the lamplight and firelight of domestic passion, the war, with its broken homes and defiled sanctities, came as a personal affront. Both to his hunger for the glamour of such a colossal drama and to his sense of what was most worshipful in human life the call was irresistible. Counsels of prudence and comfort were as nothing; the heart-shaking poetry of this nation's entry into an utterly unselfish war burned away all barriers. His life had been a fury of writing, but those who thought he had entered the war merely to make journalism about it were mistaken. Only a few weeks ago he wrote:

"'To tell the truth, I am not interested in writing nowadays, except in so far as writing is the expression of something beautiful. And I see daily and nightly the expression of beauty in action instead of words, and I find it more satisfactory. I am a sergeant in the regimental intelligence section—the most fascinating work possible—more thrills in it than in any other branch, except, possibly, aviation. Wonderful life! But I don't know what I'll be able to do in civilian life—unless I become a fireman!"

"As journalist the lecturer Kilmer was copious and enthusiastic rather than deep. He found—a good deal to his own secret mirth—women's clubs and poetry societies sitting earnestly at his feet, expectant to hear ultimate truth on deep matters. His humor prompted him to give them the ultimate truth they craved. If his critical judgments were not always heavily documented or long pondered, they were entertaining and pleasantly put. The earnest world of literary societies and blue-hosed salons lay about his feet; he flashed in it merrily, chuckling inwardly as he found hundreds of worthy people hanging breathless on his words. A kind of Kilmer cult grew apace; he had his followers and his devotees. I mention these things because he would have been the first to chuckle over them. I do not think he would want to be remembered as having taken all that sort of thing too seriously. It was all a delicious game—part of the grand joke of living. Sometimes, among his friends, he would begin to pontificate in his platform manner. Then he would recall himself, and his characteristic grin would flood his face.

As a journailst, I say, he was copious; but as a poet his song was always prompted by a genuine gush of emotion. 'A poet is only a glorified reporter,' he used to say; he took as his favorite assignment the happier precincts of the human heart. As he said of Belloc, a true poet will never write to order—not even to his own order. He sang because he heard life singing all about him. His three little books of poems have always been dear to lovers of honest simplicity. And now their words will be lit henceforward by an inner and tender brightness—the memory of a gallant boy who flung himself finely against the walls of life. Where they breached he broke through and waved his sword laughing. Where they hurled him back he turned away, laughing still.

"Let us spare his memory the glib and customary dishonesty that says 'He died as he would have wished to.' No man wishes to die—at least no poet does. To part with the exhilarating bustle and tumult, the blueness of the sky, the sunlight that tingles on well-known street corners, the plumber's bills and the editor's checks, the mirths of fellowship and the joys of homecoming when lamps are lit—all this is too close a fiber to be stript easily from the naked heart. But the poet must go where the greatest songs are singing. Perhaps he finds, after all, that life and death are part of the same rime."

Alexander Wolcott, who was "over there" when Kilmer's death occurred, writes, in a letter to a member of the *New York Times* staff, the following touching account of Kilmer's life among his army comrades, which appears in the *Literary Digest* for September 7:

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight poorer for the loss not of one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

"I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him and they knew, too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe.

"They all knew his verse. I never get over my surprise at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

"I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, though it occurs to me it may have been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the desperately sad

notes of 'Taps' sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered."

The poem referred to was first published in *Scribner's Magazine* for September. We reprint it here:

ROUGE BOUQUET.

In a wood they called Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave to-day,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopt his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave, abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
  Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
You souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

—*The Literary Digest.*

SEARCHLIGHTS.

The searchlights sweep the sombre skies,—
  Slow-wheeling,—focussed here and there,
To catch the lurking treacheries
  Within their wide-flung whirling snare;
And when they find the hidden foe
The eager hunters lay him low.

God's mightier beams are searching out
  The Soul of Life and lighting it,
That His fair hosts may put to rout
  The foes that have been blighting it;
Sweep clean, O Lord, and beautify,
And come Thou in and occupy!

—*John Oxenham.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVII
The Civic Code

Lesson I

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."
—*Psalm xxiv:1.*

The consideration of a new civic code must engender an appreciation of the ten commandments as all the more authoritative because they to us no longer represent a unique, miraculous descent from the sky, as revealed ethical principles, but rather as a concentration of the needs and wisdom of unnumbered generations.

In his effort to organize life ethically Jesus took these commandments as his inheritance and interpreted them out of his life experience.

We are now on the verge of another step in the organized ethical life, something perhaps more revolutionary than anything we have touched on in this course previously, either seven or fourteen years ago. There is something profound happening in the ethical world at the present time, something tentative, perplexing, changing, charged as some people think with danger. In all the bibles of the world, in the dictum of saints and sages of the world, individuality has been the high aim. The commandments and the beatitudes all appeal to the individual conscience, and teach implicitly if not explicitly, that morality is a matter of personal, individual character. That of course it is but now we are beginning to talk of morals in the plural number. Personal immorality is oftentimes immoral; individual purity may be a menace to the community. Just what this implies will take three lessons to tell.

Fourteen years ago the trial for heresy of Professor Bowne of the Boston University, a Methodist institution, illustrated the changing order. He was acquitted and some years afterwards died "in the odor of sanctity." The trouble was that he had tried to inject social problems into the Methodist doctrine. He tried to say, perhaps not very clearly, that religion must be interpreted in the interest of the welfare of the community.

Seven years ago a remarkable step forward was taken in the labor problem. The long and bitter strike of the garment makers employed by Hart, Schaffner & Marx ended with either an attack of good sense, or in desperation, when the workers agreed to put their case in the hands of Clarence Darrow, the employers to be represented by Levy Meyer. These two men, very differently constituted, diametrically opposite in point of view, antagonistic, were left to elect a third arbiter. But after consultation they were able to offer

a solution of the difficulty, satisfactory to both employe and employer, without calling in a third referee. The basis of that agreement is still the basis on which Hart, Schaffner and Marx conduct their business, and is getting to be the basis for many of the industries in Chicago. One recommendation of those referees was the establishment of a perpetual court of adjustment. A Welsh miner, Mr. Williams, from then on occupied the position of arbiter until recently asked by the Government to help on the coal problem.

The literature along these lines is ample. Norman Hapgood's "Industry and Progress" (1911) gave the latest word on Employment, Labor, Production, Distribution and Progress. It was an attempt to interpret corporate ethics, the common conscience behind all these hot questions.

In 1912 John Haynes Holmes, in "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," discussed The Religious Unrest, The Work of the Church in the Past, Individualism, The Social Question, Its Relation to Religion, to the Church and the New Church.

In 1913 Graham Taylor's "Religion in Social Action" discussed such questions as "The Changing Conditions of a Working Faith, The Religion of Human Relationships, The Survival and Revival of Neighborship, Industry and Religion: Their Common Ground and Interdependence, and Church and Community—Their Interrelation and Common Aim."

A few of the earlier books are Prof. Elwood's "Sociology and Modern Social Problems," Charles F. Dole's "The Spirit of Democracy" and Novicow's "War and Its Alleged Benefits."

The writer whose works I am moved to hold up to you this morning is Walter Rauschenbusch. His books "Christianity and the Social Crisis" and "Christianizing the Social Order" bear directly on our thought this morning. Professor Rauschenbusch did in these books, from the standpoint of a good orthodox minister, what I think Jesus did in bringing the old orthodoxy down to date in the Sermon on the Mount. Mr. Rauschenbusch tried to show that Jesus' peculiarity lay in his insight into the social problems of his time. In his last book, "A Theology for the Social Gospel," the chapter on The Challenge of the Social Gospel to Theology is an effort to show how Theology has come down from an individualistic age and needs readjustment and enlargement.

We see the present trend of orthodoxy in the career of Harry Ward, who fourteen years ago was an obscure Methodist preacher in Chicago. He was under suspicion for his social gospel and was watched, but to the credit of the Methodist Church be it said, and a sign of the times, instead of throwing him out, after failing in the gentle process of freezing, they gave him a professorship, which he has made conspicuous, in the theological school of which Professor Bowne was formerly president, and only recently he has been called to the Union Theological Seminary, New York, with advanced salary and opportunity.

A change in ethics is coming that amounts almost to a revolution. Whittier anticipated it perhaps by sixty years when he said, "The soul is lost that is saved alone." The individual conscience does not get very far until it becomes a corporate conscience. Our standards of justice, our methods of settling questions are not those of the individual conscience, but of the public, common conscience. How else can we explain the recent horrible lynchings in Tennessee and the more humiliating hanging of a man in southern Illinois, more humiliating because without the excuse of inherited prejudices and passions. Today the individual conscience is in danger. We are no better than the public conscience of which we are a part.

In order to discuss a new code we will consider the question in three sections: 1, The spoliation of the earth; 2, The problem of poverty, wages and dependence; and, 3, The problem of liberty and rights.

The spoliation of the earth suggests the new word, conservation. Such men as Amos Pinchot and William Kent at one time led a bold issue in Congress in the interest of conserving what is left of the forestry wealth of the United States. They tried to make legal and statutory that "the earth is the Lord's" and not for individual speculators. Forests, minerals, all land resources primarily belong to the race to be exploited for the benefit of the race. There is a way by which individual energy and private resource will make common cause in the community, and the individual will come to his highest efficiency not as an accumulator of wealth for himself but as a trustee for the wealth of the world. Even now the best wealth and brain investment in the world is inspired not by greed but by patriotic devotion. Julius Rosenwald will probably reach his highest efficiency as "a dollar a year man" in the interest of a cause.

We are beginning to realize the horrible mistakes of our government in its early handling of these resources. In both France and Germany the trees are carefully guarded by the government. We have also been slow to recognize the common property and resource of wealth in our water power. The power of the Wisconsin River and the Dells is largely controlled by a private corporation. The story of minerals, oil, iron and coal is also involved. Henry George is one of the greatest ethical teachers in the United States by virtue of the way he glimpsed the profound spiritual truth in regard to land. Whether Single Tax is practical or not, his book on "Progress and Poverty" has never been answered. We owe to him the phrase "unearned increment," illuminating the mind and conscience.

We are on the verge of a religion that will undertake to see to it that the great resources of the world be applied to the well-being of all. The philosophy of the organization of the state should be studied in this connection. One branch of philosophy carries you into individualism that ends in anarchy; the other branch into a togetherness that ends in socialism. Anarchy and socialism represent the opposite poles of political economy. Both are true, both are right, and it remains for the professor and the statesman to somehow reconcile individualism and socialism, the life of the individual with the life of the community.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Has there been such development of civic life since the time of Jesus as to render a new code of ethics inevitable?

(2) Is it true that the substitution of collective for individual morality is revolutionizing society?

(3) Apply the new viewpoint of ethics to the conservation of the natural resources of the United States.

(4) Is it possible to reconcile the two branches of philosophy, individualism and socialism, in such a way as to perfect the state and enable it to more fully serve humanity?

(5) Name three men who from the standpoint of religion have made valuable contributions to the literature of these ethical questions.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

"A GARDEN FULL OF LEVES AND FLOURES."

In England, where heat and moisture are a little more evenly distributed over the year than in most parts of this country, and where, consequently, plants grow more slowly and last longer, the love of flower gardens is, on the whole, more general. This has resulted in gardens and backyards being fenced in—the social consequences of which are many. One is that gardens are more natural extensions of the home—private though open to the sky. Whether this is good or bad is not here to the point—though it undoubtedly encourages people to live more out of doors and, on the other hand, may make for lack of neighborliness.

One usefulness of the enclosed backyard or garden is worth considering. Most social organizations in American cities complain that it is impossible to get meetings together in summer; people will not sit in stuffy offices or meeting rooms. In England, the practice is becoming more and more widespread to borrow somebody's garden and to carry on meetings and committee work in the open air. A health society in Yorkshire holds continuous discussions, usually consisting of five sessions, two on Saturday and three on Sunday. As a rule, these conferences are what would be called institutes in this country. Only they are held in the open air.

The other prevalent type of garden meeting is named an At Home for Mothers. Such meetings are held in series, usually of six, on the same weekday in consecutive weeks. They are simple health talks to women of the industrial neighborhoods, preceded or followed by tea and "buns," it being a rule that hostesses must not offer more elaborate entertainment. The talks are given by officers of the organization or by local physicians. Since the same groups of women usually meet in winter in their immediate neighborhoods for similar talks, and the hostess as well as the speakers are known to them, a mutual confidence is established and this is still further heightened by the common enjoyment of a beautiful garden.

Another use to which one may put his friends' gardens is suggested in a recent issue of the *Girls' Club Journal*. Every clubworker, says the journal, knows the difficulty of keeping the clubs together during the summer. One suggestion for overcoming this difficulty is for the greater use of back gardens:

"An evening in a borrowed back garden, listening to folk songs explained and sung by a country lover would bring a whiff of lilac and roses and cool skies to tired town dwellers. . . .

—*From the Survey.*

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